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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER—Official forecasts for to-day indicate rain; stationary temperature.

CONCENTRATE FOR ARBITRATION.

Every honest effort made anywhere by anybody to bring about peace between the miners and mine owners is to be commended. The spirit is humane and patriotic. The Journal looks with interest and sympathy upon the endeavors of the Governors of the disturbed States and their several Labor Commissions to arrange for common action looking to arbitration. Nevertheless we cannot but feel that their praiseworthy energy might be more hopefully exerted were they to unite in seeking to secure the intervention of President McKinley.

The miners, through the officers of their organization, have made it known that they indorse the Journal's plan and will gladly accept the arbitrament of a board appointed by the President, with such men as Bishop Potter among its members. Bishop Potter has assured the Journal that he will cheerfully return from Europe to render service so important to his country. Mr. McKinley has permitted us to signify to the mine owners that if they will follow the men's example and join with them in a request for action on his part, he will immediately give the matter his attention.

All that is now needed, therefore, to procure arbitration and end the strike is to get the mine owners to ask for it, and to pledge themselves, with the men, to abide by the decision of the Board. To this end, it appears to us, all who are working for arbitration should direct their activity. If it is desirable that a court of arbitration should have behind it the official sanction of a number of Governors, how much more desirable is it that the court should have for its creator the President of the United States? Every reason that prompts the wish for the participation of the Governors tells with multiplied force in behalf of the movement which aims at the co-operation of the Chief Magistrate.

Time is precious, and division dissipates strength. Hence we urge all who are promoting the cause of arbitration to concentrate upon the plan which the Journal has been so fortunate as to carry so far.

The miners, the President, the country, are waiting now [illegible]tion the mine owners. As fair men, they are under every [illegible]ation to do their part toward preventing further dis[illegible]ace of business. As Americans, it is their duty to do [illegible]at lies in their power to save the country from dis[illegible]r.

[illegible]he days are passing. What will the mine owners do?

ANARCHY AND INGRATITUDE.

Missionaries are needed in Canada. At the grand gathering of the Christian Endeavorers in San Francisco the Rev. Robert Johnson, of London, Ontario, delivered a sermon on Saturday in which he inveighed against wealth. "History," he said, "has written it in letters big with the ruin of nations and livid with the fires of devastating armies that an age of mammon worship and of luxury is ever an age of withering blight upon all institutions of social and civic strength." When language like this, equally anarchistic and ungrateful, is uttered in a convention composed of church people the spirit of Brother Rockefeller may well be saddened and the soul of Deacon Searles cast down. Such language, happily, could not be used this side of the Rocky Mountains on American territory without evoking protests from the endowed colleges and pulpits and newspapers which recognize in the Standard Oil Company and the Sugar Trust heavenly agencies for the propagation of the faith and the advancement of the higher education.

A FAITH THAT HAS PERISHED.

The workingmen evidently have lost faith completely in the theory that high custom house taxes insure high wages. Even while Congress is at work framing a tariff that would compel the reverence of the builders of the Great Wall of China we see laborers by the hundred thousand, in utter indifference to what Congress is doing, going out on strike to try what they can accomplish for themselves. If the protective doctrine were sound, all that these laborers would need to do to roll in wealth would be to wait until the new tariff goes into effect.

At last it is being borne in upon the popular mind through hardship that neither a protective tariff, a revenue tariff nor absolute free trade can bring prosperity to the masses while the natural resources of the country are monopolized, while production and prices are controlled by trusts, and the railroads of the Union, in combination with those trusts, are empowered to dictate who shall and shall not do business.

The grip of greed is on the country—a greed that is only intelligent enough to see where immediate profit lies and remains blind to the necessity for that general well-being on which the well-being of capital itself in the long run depends.

It is labor that is suffering most now. But nobody except the millionaires of the trusts and their hangers-on is satisfied with things as they are.

The new tariff will be tried and it will fail. Then the revolt against the paralyzing trusts, in whose interest alone tariff has been devised, will become general. There can be no genuine prosperity for either workingmen or business men while the trusts own the country and rule and rob it.

JAPAN AND HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

Japan has formally reiterated her protest against the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States. The practical effect of this determined opposition will be to hasten the ratification of the treaty. It confirms the belief that the only way to save the islands from absorption by Japan is for us to take them ourselves. And the American people are quick to resent foreign interference in what they deem their affairs. The unanimity with which the country rose to support Cleveland in the Venezuela matter was an instance in point.

There is no disposition anywhere observable to do injustice to Japan, but her claims as to Hawaii are untenable. They amount in reality simply to the statement that her subjects are better off under the Hawaiian Republic than they would be under the laws of the United States. That is probably true, but it is not clear how this misfortune is to be repaired. The Government of Hawaii has offered annexation, which it has a right to do, and the Government of the United States has a perfect right to accept the offer. By the merging of Hawaiian sovereignty in American sovereignty the islands will come under American laws, which respect all property rights. Such persons in Hawaii, whatever their nationality, as may not be pleased by the change will be at full liberty to go elsewhere.

Secretary Sherman has already demonstrated that in international law Japan has no case. He has pointed out that the annexation of Hawaii is in accordance with a policy foreshadowed plainly during the past seventy-five years. Nobody going to the islands to work, to make his home there, or to accumulate property, if intelligent, has done so in ignorance of the fact that Hawaii was under American protection, ruled by Americans and destined ultimately to come under our flag. The pending annexation treaty is the third that has been drafted since 1854. Because during the past few years the Japanese have flocked to the islands in large numbers, and contemplate securing political control there, the facts of history are not to be altered nor the rights of the United States to be obscured. When Hawaii becomes part of this Republic the Japanese in Hawaii will have every right and every privilege that Japanese now with us enjoy. If that is not enough to suit Japan, she has two courses open to her. One is to endeavor by diplomacy to induce us to change our laws in their favor; the other is to go to war for possession of the Hawaiian Islands.

If Secretary Sherman does not respond to Japan's renewed protest in language of warning sharpness we shall be mistaken in the spirit which guides the McKinley Administration in respect of Hawaiian annexation.

ON THE RIGHT PATH AT LAST.

Our erratic contemporary the World has flashes of good sense, in the light of which it rises above itself and does what it can to make amends for its freaks of jealous folly. It is fresh in everybody's mind that when the Journal procured the identification of the victim and read the great murder mystery, the World in its chagrin at not having been able to do this was so fatuous as to insist that the dead man was not Guldensuppe. So determined was it that justice should not be served by the Journal that it sought to lead the police off on all sorts of wrong scents, and even went the length of employing counsel to defend Mrs. Nack, in the forlorn hope that the law's technicalities might help to save it from having to acknowledge the brilliant work of the Journal's reporters. But time has restored the World to a more rational, a more creditable state of mind. It is beginning to copy from other newspapers laudatory notices of the Journal's achievement, about which the appreciative press of the whole country is talking. On Saturday, for example, on its editorial page the World reproduced from the Hartford Telegram a paragraph praising the reporters who rent the veil. The Telegram truly says that it is they "as much if not more than the city's police who deserve the credit of so speedily solving the Guldensuppe murder mystery." Indeed, they are greatly superior in desert, for it was the Journal's reporters, as everybody knows and as the police gratefully acknowledge, who put the officers upon the right track.

Similarly, the World, after vehemently declaring that "arbitration is not a good solution" of the coal strike, has swung in behind the Journal and is lending what influence it has to the cause of peace.

We rejoice to see the World abandoning its silly practice of sticking its head in the sandbank of its inferiority, and so endeavoring to convince itself that it hides from others what is only too obvious, thus rendering the World an object of ridicule. Not by denying the better brains and greater enterprise of the Journal, but by sedulously trying to follow in its quicker footsteps, can the World hope to make a place for itself in New York journalism.

ONE OF A LARGE TRIBE.

"This comes of being a good fellow," moaned Mr. Duff, bookkeeper, when arraigned in a New York police court on a charge of forgery, preferred by his robbed employer. The kind of good fellowship for which Mr. Duff stands is too prevalent. It manifests itself in a fondness for drink and a general weakness which, for the sake of the pleasure of the instant, takes the risk of disgrace and imprisonment. It is the kind of good fellowship which is so generous that it can deny itself nothing. The delusion under which persons of the Duff sort labor is that it shows a good heart to waste on companions of the moment what belongs to others, to squander for the gratification of their own appetites and love of worthless approbation money that should go to the support of their families. They "blow in" with drunken gayety the future of their children, the happiness of their wives, their own honor and everything that makes life worth living to a true man.

Such good fellows are to be pitied, certainly, even if they cause more misery than downright villains do. There is due them the commiseration which the maimed evoke, for they are mental and moral cripples, in whom selfishness, gross, unintelligent and unpitying, predominates over natural affection, duty, honesty, self-respect and fear of consequences. The right asylum for good fellows of the Duff stripe is the penitentiary. There they can do nobody else any harm, and be quite comfortable in bestowing their sorrow on themselves as bright spirits too kind and jovial for a sordid world.

The Governor of Tennessee finds himself in a most uncomfortable position. He wants to go to the United States Senate and there is a vacancy caused by the death of Senator Harris. But, unfortunately for the Tennessee executive, there is no provision in the constitution of that State by which Governors can confer such high honors upon themselves, and he will be compelled to appoint some other ambitious man to the place. Right at the present time the Governor of Tennessee is a firm believer in the Ko Ko and Poo Bah system of government.

The corporation lawyers who compose the organization which styles itself the Ohio Gold Democracy met at Columbus and decided to co-operate with Mark Hanna in his effort to be elected to the United States Senate. The arrangements between Mr. Hanna and the corporations appear to be holding over from last year.

With the Chinese Minister engaged in a controversy with a Washington real estate dealer and the Japanese Minister wrestling with John Sherman's inability to remember, the representatives from the Orient have about all the hot weather work they can attend to.

These conventions of Gold Democrats may not cause great crushes of humanity, but they afford Hon. Grover Cleveland opportunities for taking his pen in hand and placing large chunks of ponderous gloom on exhibition.

With a high tax on Bibles and Sunday sessions of the tariff conferees it looks as if the Grand Old Republican party were receding from the claim that it contains all the morality of the nation.

The Sun appears to be firmly wedded to the theory that the honor and welfare of the country are dependent on the ability of the Platt machine to seize and hold all the offices.

By this early announcement of his candidacy for re-election to the Senate Mr. Quay gives the Pennsylvania people ample time to load their guns.

There is a general disposition throughout the country to accept Hon. David B. Hill's definition of a demagogue as the production of an expert.

The dedication of Chicago's new jail marks another stride in the work of long-felt want filling in that city.

Millions for the Castellanes.

SINCE avarice first gnawed the human breast there was never such a chance to make money as now lies within the grasp of the Count and Countess de Castellane.

We all remember what a swarthy little woman the Countess was before her marriage. Even the Gould millions that she inherited from her father could not blind us to the fact that her features were irregular and that the dusky hue of her skin matched her jet black hair.

Her eyes were bright and her manner vivacious, but even her most ardent admirers never claimed for her the distinction of beauty.

Now comes word from Paris that the Countess de Castellane's complexion is "clear and creamy," that her hair is "of a chestnut hue, burnished with a reddish golden glint" and that she could not go anywhere without causing a sensation by her impressively handsome appearance.

We know something of how to change raven tresses to "a chestnut hue, burnished with a reddish golden glint," but the "clear and creamy" complexion and the rest of the metamorphosis that has made a ravishing beauty of Anna Gould paralyzes imagination.

The Countess's Dresden china husband is spending her money like water and incidentally breaking the frugal heart of her brother George, but he is really not so foolish as would appear at the first glance.

He knows that the moment he reveals to a waiting world of women the secret of his wife's marvellous transformation there will come to him such wealth as in comparison will make Monte Cristo a pauper.

Brother George should cheer up. Let Boni have his mammoth yacht, his new palace, his objets d'art, his racing stable—anything his little heart may desire.

They cost good Gould money, it is true, but the sooner "Powderpuff" spends his wife's fortune the sooner will he have to sell the recipe for his wife's beauty. Then he can levy tribute on the universe.

Instead of wasting his time in weeping, George should be planning to stand in with the new deal.

"Dick" Stevens was sore at heart when he failed to win the Middle States lawn tennis championship on Saturday.

Before his defeat by Larned, he said that he would willingly draw his check for $5,000 if he could thereby win the championship trophy, but his opponent outplayed him and he had to acknowledge himself beaten.

This he did with all the grace that is natural to a Stevens of Hoboken, and the tennis world loves him none the less for losing so valiant a fight.

Julian Potter is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Henry C. Potter, wife of the good Bishop, at Newport, but in all the notices of this interesting event I see no mention of Mrs. Julian Potter, who was a sister of Annie Pixley, the actress, and whose secret marriage to the Bishop's nephew caused a great sensation at the time it was discovered.

So far as I know, Mrs. Julian Potter has never been formally introduced to that world of fashion in which her husband is so conspicuous, although her good looks and good manners and good mind could in no wise discredit it.

Several old chappies of my acquaintance, who are fonder of club corners and club scandals than they are of home circles and evening prayers, are watching with the greatest possible interest the suit which Lady Tatton Sykes has brought against her husband for "the restitution of conjugal rights."

They don't know exactly what that means, but they have an indefinite impression that their own freedom may be in some way jeopardized if Sir Tatton should fail in his defence.

Lady Sykes's suit comes closely home to us on other grounds. Not only do we know Sir Tatton very well, but his wife's brother, George Cavendish Bentinck, married the sister of our own Mrs. Ogden Mills, who will dispute with Mrs. Astor or any other claimant the distinction of being the only pebble on the social beach.

The racing chappies are not sorry that the meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club is at an end. The in and out running of the horses has made it hard guessing for the sporty boys, and, while we have pulled off several coups of our own and "got on" to a few good things of other people, the balance for the season is on the wrong side.

A little rest from the heat and the disappointments and the profanities of the racetrack will not now come amiss.

I for one welcome the change. Newport in July and August is less exciting, but far more profitable.

The Brighton Beach Racing Association is making such a bold bid to be classed with Sheepshead Bay and Morris Park as fashionable resorts, that I am sure the ladies who go there to-day will be interested to know that the smart women at the recent Ascot meeting in England, which is the most fashionable turf event in Great Britain, and therefore in the world, "wore flimsy frocks with overskirts of chiffon and lace and long sashes, which are the rage. Toques once more are the smartest wear."

The quotation is from a London "society paper," which also publishes the following:

"The Princess of Wales looked very sweet and lovely in soft white over mauve with a bonnet of violets and a thick ruche of violets round her throat. Princess Victoria of Wales wore a simple little blue and white striped frock, and she drove in the same carriage as Princess Charles of Denmark, who looked very bright and pretty in pink with a gold belt, and with pink flowers in a small gray toque. The Duchess of York has never looked better than she did in a very pink dress with a pink toque en suite; she has grown slim since her illness, and more like the Princess of Wales than she has ever been before."

All of which I submit as being of great value to Brighton Beach and such of us as love to talk about royalty.

When one recalls the past glories of polo at Meadow Brook and Cedarhurst and the Westchester Club, and then contemplates the sorry showing made by all these teams in the tourney that is just ending, sorrow sits sad-eyed among the home ponies.

Think of the successors of that valiant company that started with James Gordon Bennett and ended with Foxhall Keene being licked by Pennsylvanians and Jerseyites!

It looks as though polo is on the wane, although "Ned" Potter and "Tommy" Hitchcock sacrificed a few bones in its service, and "Augie" Belmont strained a cord in his thigh while upholding the honor of Meadow Brook.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

PUG JOHN'S LAST FIGHT.

His Guide, Philosopher and Friend from Philadelphia Took Away All His Delusions in One Moment of Horror.

Albert Edward English is a high officer in one of the departments of our city government. He holds his position with credit to the city and to his own celebration and renown. He has a wife and family of children, and sets up his Lares and Penates in a home of his own in distant Harlem.

Among other possessions of a household sort Albert Edward English, until lately, numbered one pug dog. It was a dog of vast spirit and but little wit. Yet the children loved it, and its puggish imbecility only seemed to draw it closer to their baby hearts. The pug's main delusion went to the effect that he could fight. Good judges say that there wasn't a dog on earth the pug could whip. But he didn't know this, and held other views. As a result, he assailed every dog he met and got thrashed. The pug had taken a whirl at all the canines in the neighborhood, and had been wickedly trounced in every instance. This only made him dearer, and the children loved him for the enemies he made.

Saved by the Fence.

The pug's name was John.

One day John the pug fell heir to a fearful beating at the paws and jaws of the dog next door. All that saved the life of John the pug on this awful occasion was the lucky fact that he could get between the pickets of the line fence, and the neighbor's dog could not. The neighbor's dog was many times the size and weight of John, the pug; but, as has been suggested, what John didn't know about other dogs would fill a book, and he had gone upon the neighbor's premises and pulled off a fight.

Now, these divers sporting events in which John the pug took disastrous part worried Albert Edward English. They worried him because the children took them to heart, and wept over the wounds of John the pug as they bound them with tar and other dog medicaments. At last Albert Edward English resolved upon a campaign in favor of John the pug. His future should have a protector; his past should be avenged.

There was a forty-pound bulldog resident of Philadelphia. He had whipped every dog to whom he was introduced. His name was Alexander McBride. He was referred to as "McBride's Dandy" in his set whenever his identification became a conversational necessity. Of the many dogs he had met and conquered Alexander McBride had killed twenty-three.

Albert Edward English resolved to import Alexander McBride. He knew the latter's owner. A letter adjusted the details. The proprietor of Alexander McBride was willing his pet should come to New York on a visit. Alexander McBride had fought Philadelphia to a standstill, and his owner's idea was that if Alexander McBride were to go on a visit and remain away for a few months Philadelphia would forget him, and on his return he might ring Alexander in on them and kill another dog with him.

Alexander McBride got off the cars in a chicken crate. The expressmen were all afraid of him. Albert Edward English was notified. He hired a colored person who looked on life as a failure to convey Alexander McBride to his new home. They tied him to a bureau when they got him there.

Alexander McBride was a grewsome looking dog, with a wide, vacant head when his mouth was open like unto an empty coal scuttle. Albert Edward English looked at Alexander McBride, and after saying that he "would do," went to dinner. During the prandial meal he explained to his family the properties and attributes of Alexander McBride; and then he and the children went over the long list of neighbor dogs who had oppressed John the pug, and settled which dog Alexander McBride should chew up first. Alexander McBride should begin on the morrow to rend and destroy the adjacent dogs, and assume toward John the pug the role of guide, philosopher and friend. Albert Edward English and his children were very happy.

One Moment of Horror.

After dinner they went back to take another look at Alexander McBride. As they stood about that hero in an awed but admiring circle, John the pug rushed wildly into the ring, and tackled Alexander McBride. The coal-scuttle head opened and closed on John the pug. There was a moment of frozen horror, and then Albert Edward English and his household fell upon Alexander McBride in a body.

It was no use. It took thirteen minutes and the family poker to open the jaws of Alexander McBride. Then John the pug fell to the floor, dead and limp as a wet bath towel.

Alexander McBride has slain his twenty-fourth dog, and John the pug is only a memory now.

Education Is Not Wisdom.

By Ambrose Bierce.

THE purpose of wisdom is virtue. Wisdom is knowing what ought to be done; virtue is doing it. Education is to make men wiser that they may be better.—Dr. Jordan.

Education is not wisdom and does not confer it. Wisdom waits not upon the will of the schoolmaster, but is of God. Education augments the goodness of the good, the badness of the bad. It is knowledge, and knowledge is merely power. The educated Indian returns to his tribe, resumes the blanket and heads the massacre. The educated peasant seeks the city and according to his nature starves in a profession or takes to crime. The illiterate tramp is a curiosity. We have not too much education, but too many colleges and universities—too many educated men and women. Hence our overcrowded professions and their low morality, the result of competition. Educated men will not work with their hands if they can do worse, and there is not enough headwork for the half of them. Some of them, it must be confessed, play the flute beautifully.

After a recent duel between two noble Parisians the combatants refused to shake hands. If this startling innovation should establish itself the French duel will be deprived of its utility as a promoter of peace on earth and good will among men, and its charm as an assurance of distinguished consideration will evanish as the memory of a dream.

'Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's whar de filibuster's libber
Turns w'ite at de ocean's spray.
All dis worl' am sad an' dreary
Eberywhar he roam,
But oh, darkies, how his heart grows weary
W'en he looks on de waves an' foam.

If there is anything to which the human mind will not do homage I should be pleased to know what it is, for it is not a dog. A weekly paper proudly invites attention to its excellent portrait of one Bushnell's Le Prince, Jr., "the greatest dog of his (the dog's) class in America," and prophesies that in another year "he will be the grandest dog living!" We are further informed that "he" (the dog) "obtained the distinction of a special prize" in a dog show—which is fame indeed. In a burst of enthusiasm this self-respecting writer, made in the image of his Maker and but a little lower than the angels, concludes the rite as follows: "It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Bushnell is proud of him. To say he idolizes him would be nearer the truth. Any man who admires a grand dog would." Doubtless, too, this grand creation—this animated flea-pasture—this distributing centre of unholy smells—this incarnate appetite and unserviceable consumer—this potential dispenser of hydrophobia's quickening juice—this devotee to four (4) unmentionable practices—this offensive survival of the civilization of the cave dwellers—in brief, this damdog—idolizes Mr. Bushnell. That Mr. Bushnell is proud of inspiring the sentiment, happy in the consciousness of its possession and would wag his tail if he had one goes without saying. It is to be hoped that he will not do himself a fatal injury trying to wag what he hasn't, and so deprive the contemplative mind of that edifying spectacle, the modern canolater ministering at the altar of the Most High Dog. If Mr. Bushnell were lost to us only a few millions of his kind would remain in all this country, and those gentlemen of the press who are willing to flatter dogs for hire would experience a reduction of income.

The Merry Jester.

Soxey—Say, have you seen the new bathing dress of Miss Van Dough? It's rich.

Knoxey—Judging from the aspect of it around the top and bottom, I should say it was so poverty-stricken as to be trying to make both ends meet.—Pittsburg News.

"I wouldn't mind summertime," said the Thoughtful Guy, "if it wasn't for the thoughtlessness of some people. They will all insist on walking on the shady side of the street, and thereby make it just as hot as the sunny side."

And the thin man said he'd noticed that, too.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Bliggins's wife doesn't insist on retaining possession of the latch key any more," suggested Mr. Meekton.

"No," replied Mrs. Meekton, "she has found a better way to make sure that her husband stays home after dark."

"What is it?"

"She has taken the lamp off his bicycle."—Washington Star.

The Minister—Well, Bobby, how do you like your new brother?

Bobbie—Oh, purty good.

The Minister—I suppose, then, that you are glad he came here instead of going on to Mr. Green's?

Bobbie—Yes. But they's one thing bothers me.

The Minister—What is it, Bobbie?

Bobbie—Blamed if I can see how the doctor got him into that little bit of a satchel of his without breakin' every bone in his body.—Cleveland Leader.

Spats—What makes infants look so wise?

Socratocts—They are trying to make the women think they can understand the baby-talk which the whole neighborhood springs on them.—Pittsburg News.

Literature That Showed Interest.

IT HAS often seemed to me that our native writers of fiction permitted a great deal of excellent material that lies at our very doors to go to waste, while they spent their energies on Tennessee mountain heroes of the "Stranger-over-yonthar-pard" variety, impossible New York toughs and swells—God save the mark—whose thin veneer of breeding peels off as we turn the pages of the book, and reveals the hideous vulgarity and snobbishness underneath. There is a good deal of mock pathos, too, in the pages of our literary contemporaries, and we have only to take a look about us to realize how weak and artificial and tawdry those literary tear pumps are in comparison with the pitiful, merciless facts of daily metropolitan life. Once in a while I think out stories which might be written, though I don't exactly know who would print them, and here is something that some realist might mould into acceptable fiction.

My heroine is a woman who can look back upon thirty-five years of life, of which fully fifteen are seared with a constantly accumulating burden of remorse, despair and bitterness, brightened by occasional gleams of that happiness that only rum or opium can bring to such a one as she. She can look forward to nothing but the East River. Once or twice she has gone down to peer over the edge of the dock into the dark, cold waters below, but something—a belief, a fear, a superstition, a faith perhaps—has drawn her back to resume her nightly prowlings along those streets where the electric lights burn and creatures in the garb of men, and far more hideously debased than herself, prey upon her and her kind.

On a warm Summer's night this unfortunate, who is known by some strange irony of fate as "Diamond Kittie," or "Champagne Mary," sets forth on her nightly quest, although for some time past she has been unable to pay for the "protection" which the salaried vampires of the city alone can give her. She has been arrested twice within the month, merely to be discharged by the Magistrate the next morning, and this very morning word has been brought to her that she must leave the precinct in order that the pavement may be given up to younger and better looking women, who can pay higher for its privileges than she can.

She is sullen and desperate; it may be that she has been drinking on an empty stomach; she has no money in her purse, but something small and bright and deadly is in her pocket, ready for instant work. As she stands irresolutely before a brightly lighted shop window, a man pauses in his walk to accost her. She replies to his remark, and when he asks her to go and take a drink with him, acquiesces.

"I guess we'd better take a little walk down here, instead," remarks the stranger with a triumphant leer in his face, as he draws aside his coat to display a shining shield on his left breast. "Come along, my dear," he continues, and those are the last words he ever utters. The poor, persecuted human worm has turned at last. The salaried vampire is lying on the pavement, with the blood streaming from a wound just above his shining badge of office. The crowd has gathered already, and "Diamond Kittie," or "Champagne Mary," whichever her name may be, has been seized, red-handed, the rage of battle on her sin-marked face, the smoking pistol in her hand. And justice, of a sort that New York seldom sees, has been meted out, at last.

To turn from one sombre subject to another on this hot July day I want to give my readers a few extracts from a little book by Mr. Stephen Bonsal—Harper & Brothers, publishers—which he calls "The Real Condition of Cuba To-day." Mr. Bonsal writes in a dispassionate, heavy-hearted way of what he has recently seen in Cuba, and tells again, with some new aspects, a story which has been told so often of the miseries in this island that now it falls upon ears dulled by iteration of horrors.

The war which is now being waged, says Mr. Bonsal, is twofold; that upon the insurgents in the field and the war of extermination upon the "pacificos" concentrated in the towns.

One-half to four-fifths of the island is now in the hands of the insurgents, but in this territory there are twelve or fifteen towns still held by the Spaniards, the three inland towns being, Mr. Bonsal thinks, the chief drain at the present moment upon the resources of Spain, since the army of Calixto Garcia has been "almost exclusively clothed, fed and armed with the stores captured from the military convoys sent up to revictual the inland garrisons, which are constantly besieged by the insurgent bands."

During the fourteen months of the Weyler administration $130,000,000 has been spent and 250,000 men have been placed at his disposal, with no adequate results toward a termination of the struggle.

In that part of the island which the insurgents command, "food grows on every bush, and every root is edible for the Cubans," while the Spanish portion of the island, outside of the towns, is burned over and devastated, producing nothing. In this conection Mr. Bonsal suggests:

"Were Cuba to be blockaded by a hostile power, within two weeks the Spanish army would be compelled to evacuate or to surrender, as almost everything that is necessary for the support of the army is brought from abroad, from Spain, the United States or Mexico."

Mr. Bonsal gives some vivid pictures of the daily shooting of prisoners outside the fortresses, and of barbarities that seem incredible, such as dragging through the streets the mutilated dead bodies of insurgents and the torture of prisoners.

"While watching this disgraceful spectacle" (the maltreatment of a dead body which had been dragged through the town), says Mr. Bonsal, "I caught a glimpse of one who illustrates in his own mangled person the disgraceful fourteenth century methods with which the Spaniards prosecute the war. They bind a cord tightly about the thumb (in torturing prisoners) with slow, but ever increasing pressure, until after days of incessant torture the thumbs are severed from the hands.

"Fidel Fundora had been arrested in Matanzas, charged with attempting to ship to some point on the Havana Railway a box, which, when searched, was found to contain antiseptics, quinine and some percussion caps. He was arrested and tortured to make him reveal his accomplices. In Fundora's case," says the author, "the very brutality of the treatment came near defeating its object. Gangrene set in and, to save the life of the tortured man, which, with all his secrets untold, was valuable to them, they amputated both hands above the wrist. I could see the half-healed stumps as he was marched by me this morning between a pareja, or pair of civil guards."

Mr. Bonsal's book is grewsome reading for July weather, yet these are but a few of the less harrowing extracts which I have given.